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TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!

MAY 1952

NO. 5



10¢

STRANGE MYSTERIES



EYES of EVIL
Dead Men Never Die
BURY US NOT
Blood of the **Zombie**



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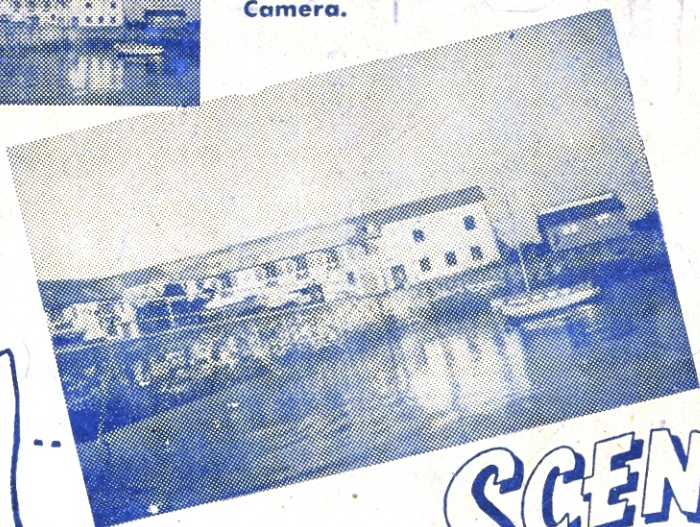
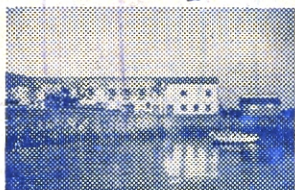
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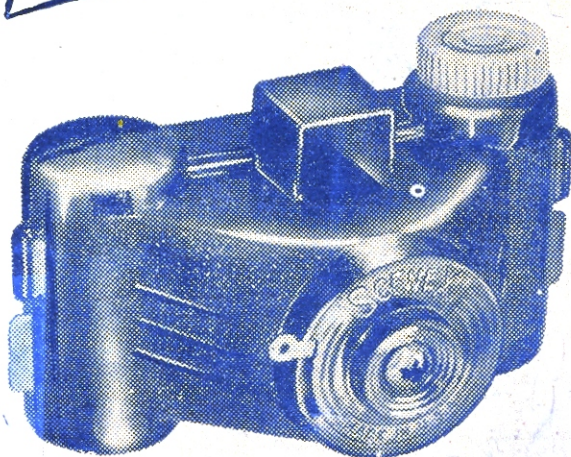
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BLOOD of the ZOMBIE

AN UNEARTHLY TALE OF THE WEIRDEST REQUEST EVER MADE—BY THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE EMBALMED...



I WISH TO BE EMBALMED, PLEASE! IMMEDIATELY!

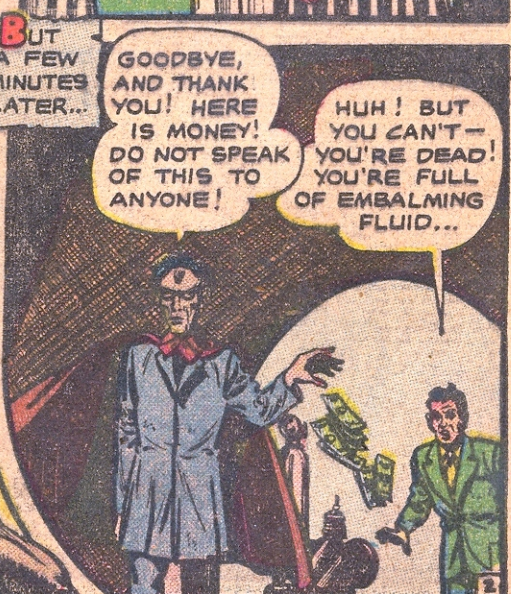
Y—YOU WHAT?

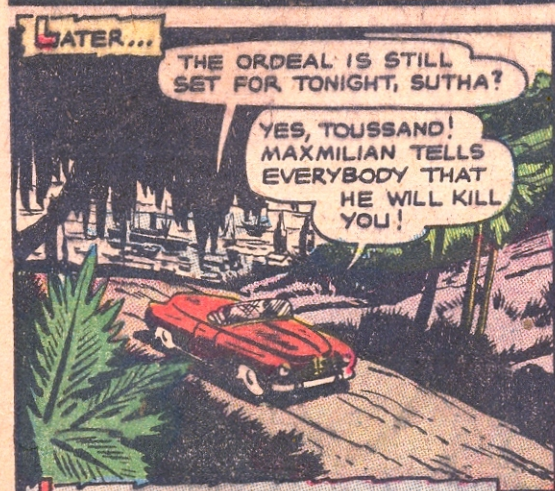
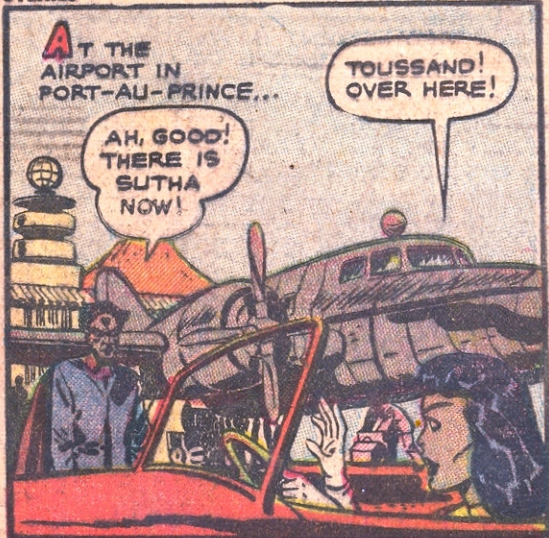
IN A SMALL UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW YORK...

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR! CAN I DO SOMETHING?

YES! I HAVE AN URGENT REQUEST TO MAKE!







AT THAT MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ZOMBIE COLONY...

THE TIME GROWS NEAR, MASTER! SOON YOU MUST FIGHT TOUSSAND FOR THE KINGSHIP!

HO—THAT ONE! I WILL KILL HIM QUICKLY! SHARPEN THE KNIFE WELL.

A ZOMBIE HIGH PRIEST PROCLAIMS THE RULES...

HOLA—LISTEN, ZOMBIES! TONIGHT A KING IS CHOSEN! THE WINNER RULES FOR A YEAR—BUT THE LOSER'S HEART IS CUT OUT AND BURNED!

THAT NIGHT THE DREAD BEAT OF ZOMBIE DRUMS BEGINS...

HOLA—THE DANCE OF DEATH!

IT IS TIME FOR THE CHOOSING OF A KING!

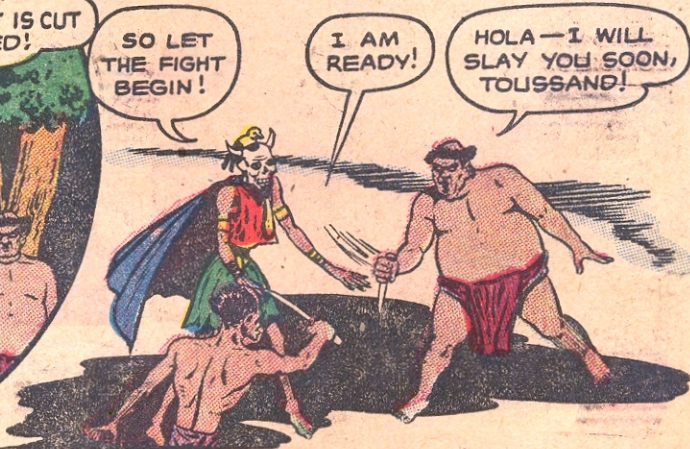
THERE IS BLOOD ON THE MOON TONIGHT!



SO LET THE FIGHT BEGIN!

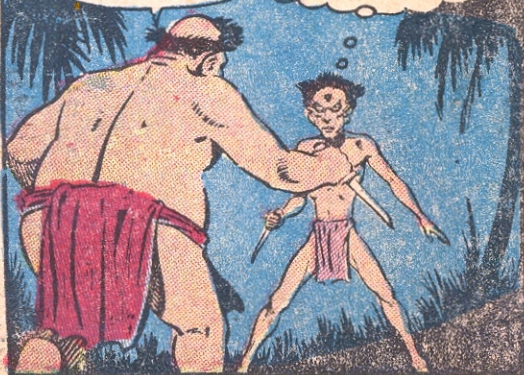
I AM READY!

HOLA—I WILL SLAY YOU SOON, TOUSSAND!



EVEN A ZOMBIE CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT A HEART, TOUSSAND! YOU WILL SEE!

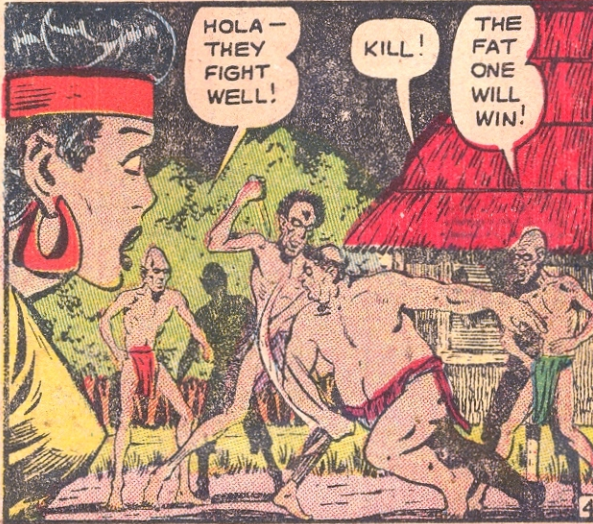
THE FOOL! BUT I MUST LET HIM CUT ME FIRST—SO THEY WILL SEE MY—HAH—WHITE BLOOD!



HOLA—THEY FIGHT WELL!

KILL!

THE FAT ONE WILL WIN!



WITH THE
SUDDENNESS
OF A GREAT
CAT...

I KILL NOW!
FIRST YOUR
THROAT—
THEN
YOUR
HEART!

WE WILL
SEE, FOOL!



HAH— NOW
I HAVE YOU!

GOOD— NOW THE
EMBALMING FLUID
WILL SPURT AND
THEY WILL THINK
IT WHITE
BLOOD!



AS WHITE FLUID
GUSHES, A HUSH
FALLS OVER THE
CROWD OF
ZOMBIES...

YOU SEE!
MY BLOOD
IS WHITE!
YOU ALL
KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS!

HOLA— IT IS
TRUE! HE
IS A GOD!

SO IT IS
WRITTEN
IN THE
BOOK!



HERE,
TOUSSAND!
HERE IS THE
BOOK OF THE
ZOMBIES!

YES, SUTHA! I
WILL READ THE
COMMAND OF
THE ANCIENT
GODS!



I AM A GOD NOW!
I WILL RULE YOU
FOREVER! WHO CAN
SAY THAT IT IS NOT
WRITTEN SO IN THIS
ANCIENT BOOK? I
AM BOTH KING
AND GOD!

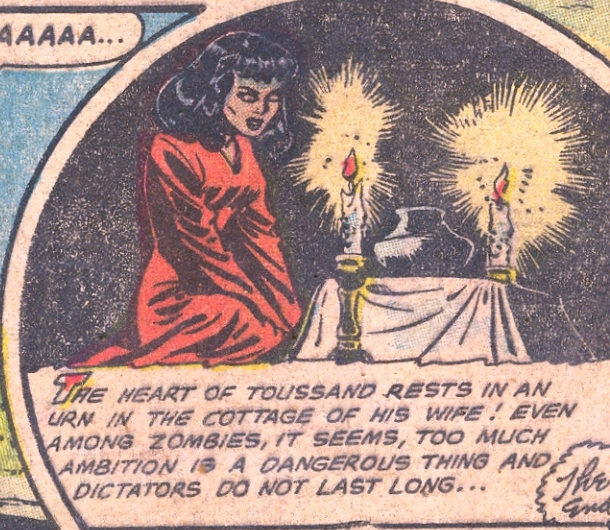
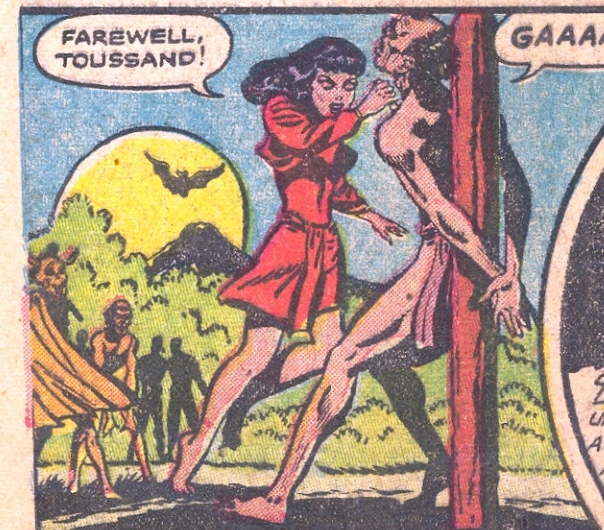
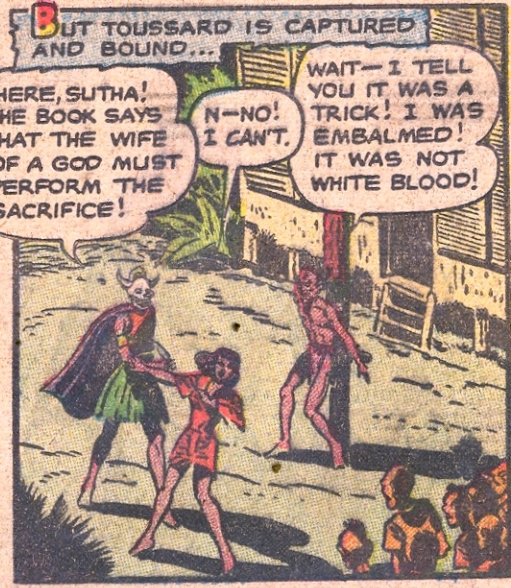
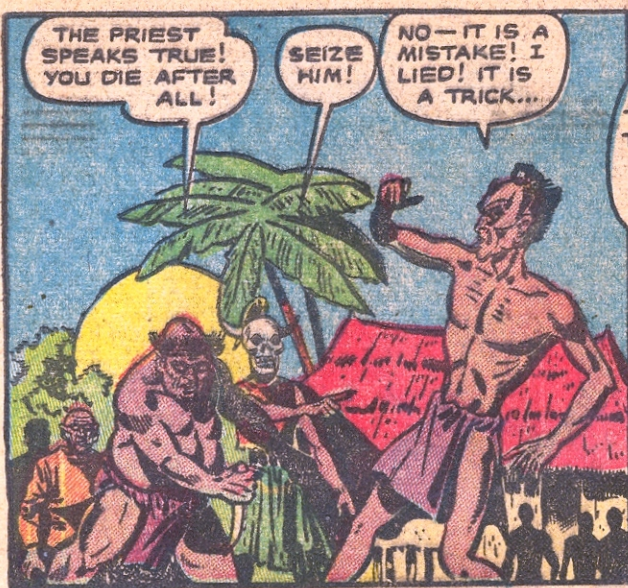
A MOMENT,
TOUSSARD!
THERE IS
MORE!



THE BOOK IS TORN! YOU
COULD NOT READ **ALL** OF IT.
BUT I KNOW— AND THERE
IS A PART THAT SAYS SUCH
A GOD MUST BE
SACRIFICED!

NO! YOU
LIE, OLD FOOL!
THAT PART WAS
NOT IN THE BOOK!







ON A GRIM NIGHT AT STATE PRISON.

THIS IS JOHN'S FIRST EXECUTION WARDEN... HE'S A LITTLE NERVOUS!

DON'T BLAME YOU, MR. THORNE! I HATE THEM, TOO!

THE BLADE WAS SHORT HANDED, SO I GOT THE ASSIGNMENT...

SOON...

THERE HE IS... JIM DANIELS, MURDERER...

THIS IS GOING TO BE HORRIBLE. I FEEL SICK...

ON A GRIM NIGHT AT STATE PRISON.

THIS IS JOHN'S FIRST EXECUTION WARDEN... HE'S A LITTLE NERVOUS!

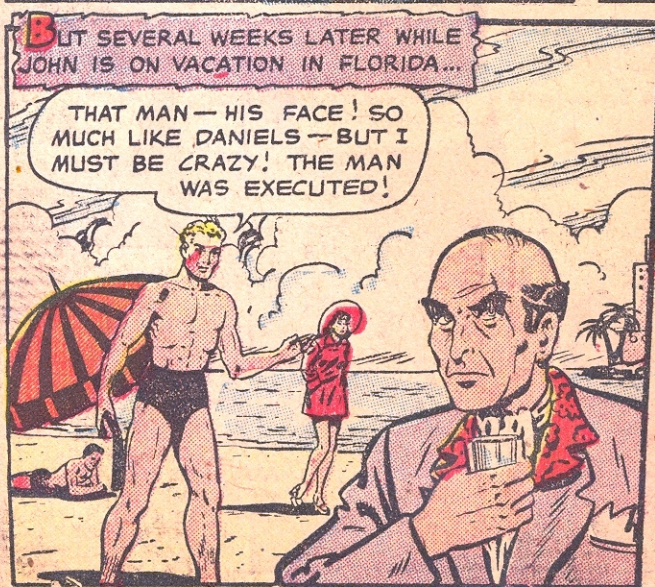
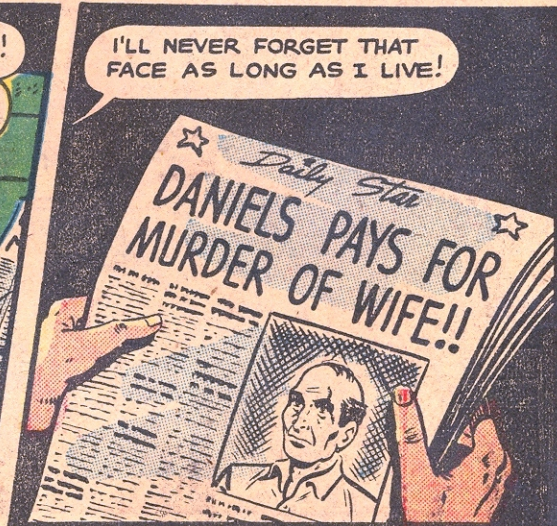
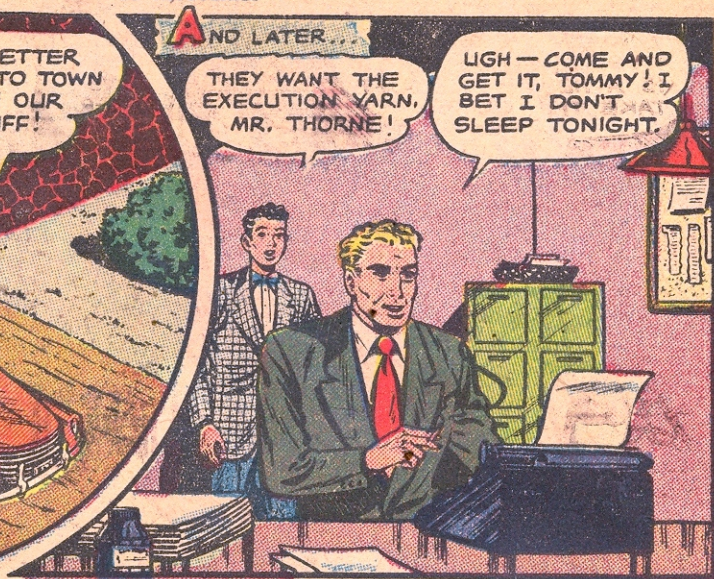
DON'T BLAME YOU, MR. THORNE! I HATE THEM, TOO!

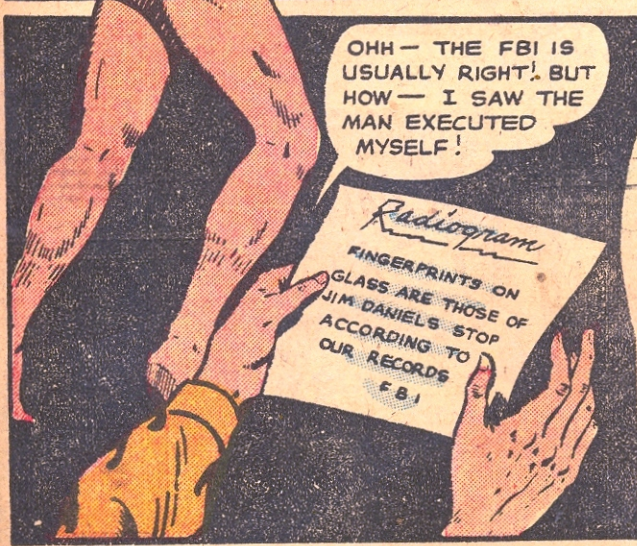
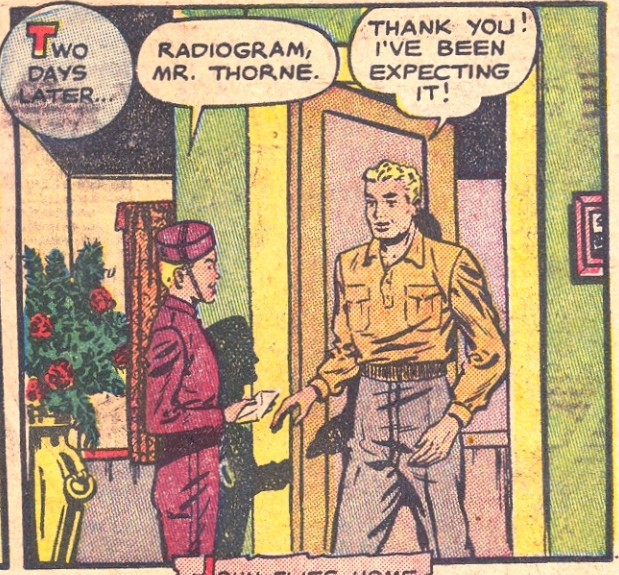
THE BLADE WAS SHORT HANDED, SO I GOT THE ASSIGNMENT...

SOON...

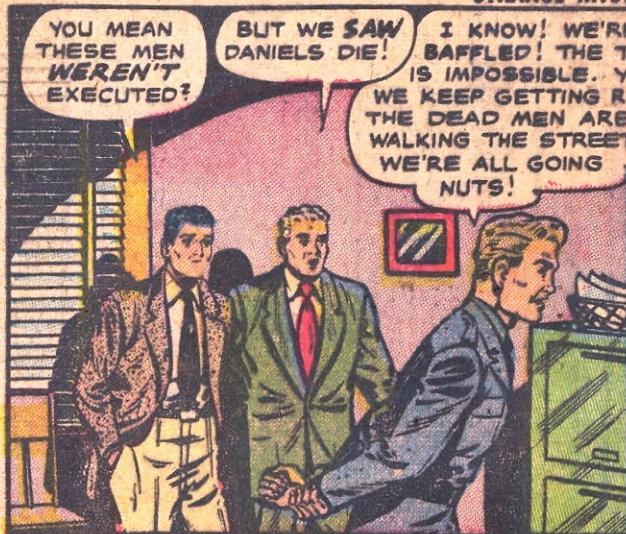
THERE HE IS... JIM DANIELS, MURDERER...

THIS IS GOING TO BE HORRIBLE. I FEEL SICK...





STRANGE MYSTERIES



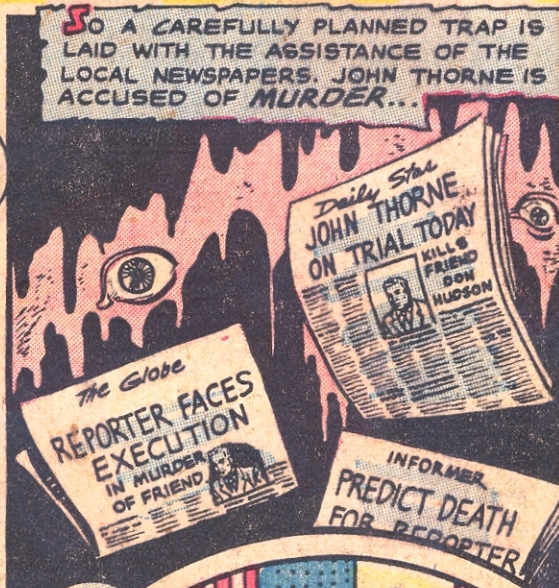
YOU MEAN THESE MEN WEREN'T EXECUTED?

BUT WE SAW DANIELS DIE!

I KNOW! WE'RE BAFFLED! THE THING IS IMPOSSIBLE. YET WE KEEP GETTING REPORTS THE DEAD MEN ARE WALKING THE STREETS. WE'RE ALL GOING NUTS!

I'M PLAYING A WILD HUNCH, TOO. I'M GOING TO SET A TRAP— AND YOU CAN HELP, JOHN! YOU CAN BE THE BAIT!

M—ME?



YES, YOU! IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT...

WELL, ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WAIT A MINUTE, CHIEF! THAT'S MY BEST FRIEND YOU'RE USING FOR BAIT. I DON'T LIKE IT!

SO A CAREFULLY PLANNED TRAP IS LAID WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPERS. JOHN THORNE IS ACCUSED OF MURDER...

Daily Star
JOHN THORNE
ON TRIAL TODAY
KILL'S FRIEND
DON HUDSON

The Globe
REPORTER FACES
EXECUTION
IN MURDER
OF FRIEND

INFORMER
PREDICT DEATH
FOR REPORTER

WHILE DON HUDSON GOES INTO HIDING...

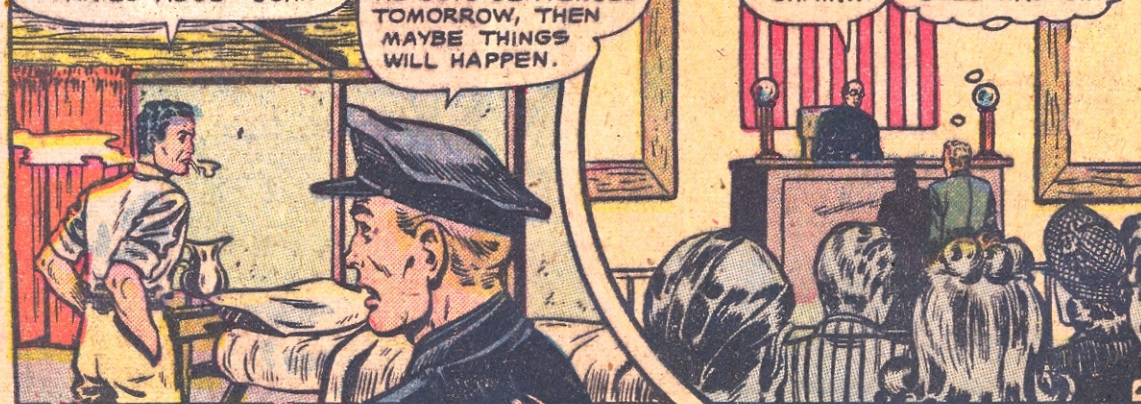
HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I STAY IN THIS CAGE? I'M GOING CRAZY! AND I'M WORRIED ABOUT JOHN.

YOU'RE DEAD, REMEMBER? HE KILLED YOU! BUT HE GETS SENTENCED TOMORROW, THEN MAYBE THINGS WILL HAPPEN.

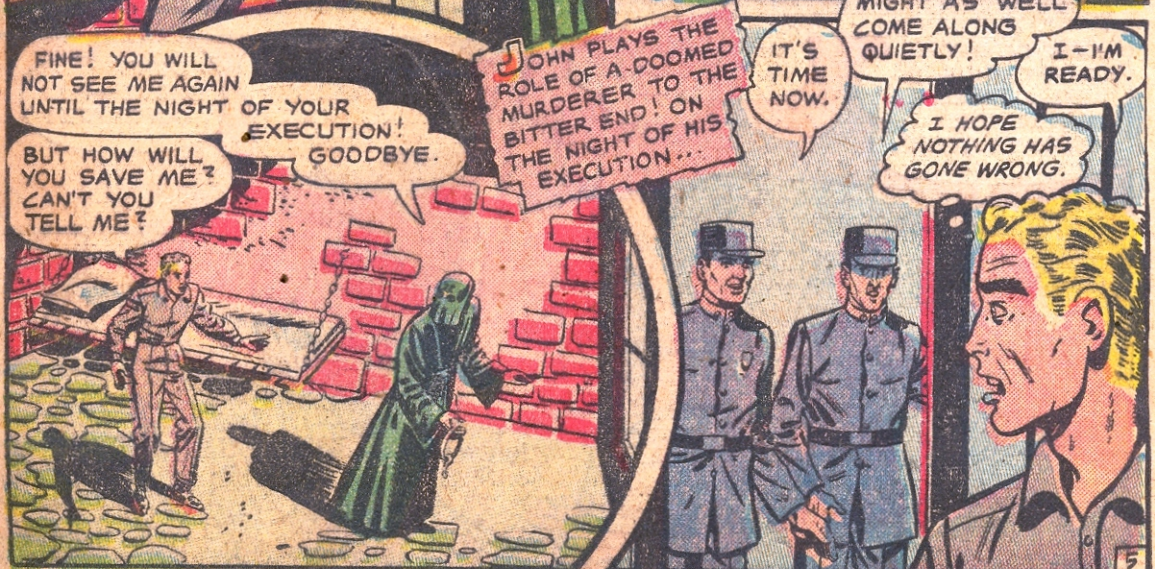
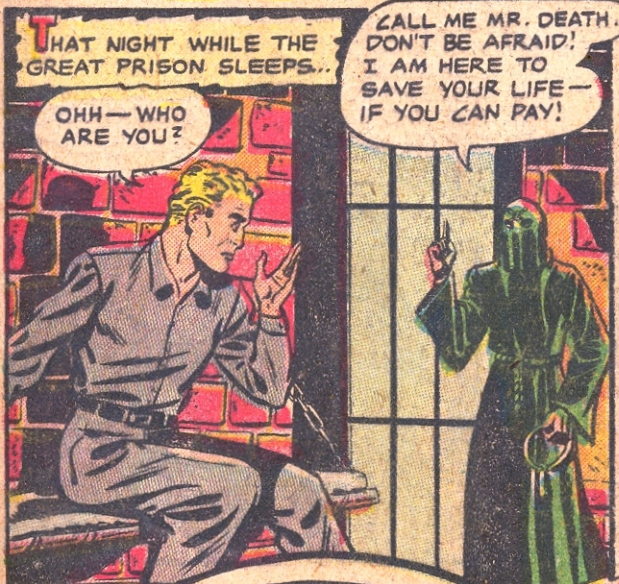
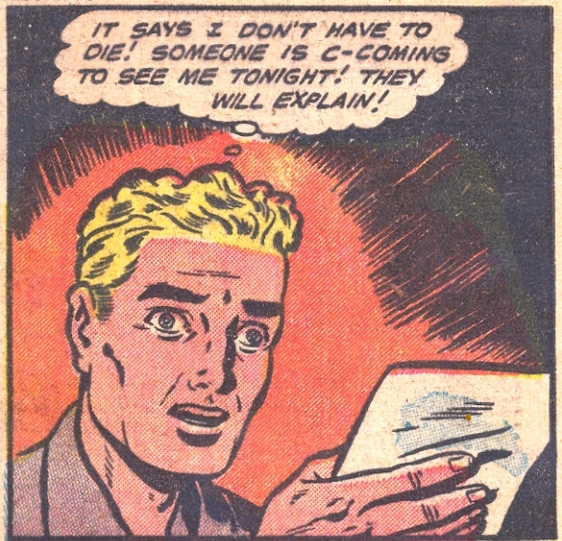
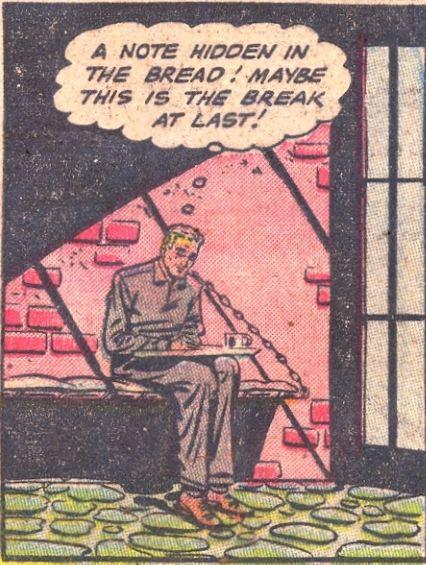
AND NEXT DAY...

AND I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...

UGG—I FEEL SICK! ALMOST LIKE A REAL MURDERER! IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG...



JOHN IS
LODGED
IN THE
DEATH-
HOUSE AT
STATE
PRISON.
FOR A
WEEK
NOTHING
UNUSUAL
HAPPENS,
THEN
ONE
DAY...



SUDDENLY, IN A CORRIDOR THAT LEADS TO THE DEATH CHAMBER...

IN HERE, QUICK!

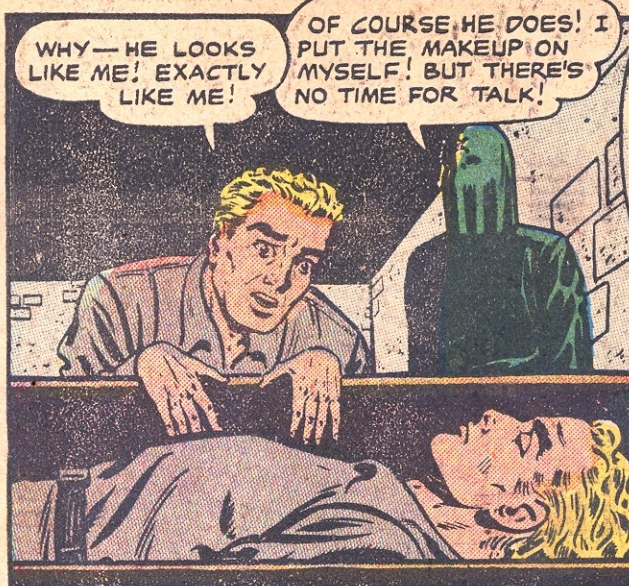
WHAT?

NO QUESTIONS, YOU FOOL! JUST OBEY!

MR. D-DEATH! BUT THE COFFINS— THAT MAN!

THIS MAN IS GOING TO BE YOU! HURRY NOW!

YEAH — WE'RE DUE IN THE CHAMBER IN A MINUTE!



WHY — HE LOOKS LIKE ME! EXACTLY LIKE ME!

OF COURSE HE DOES! I PUT THE MAKEUP ON MYSELF! BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALK!

ALL RIGHT, TAKE HIM INTO THE CHAMBER! REMEMBER — PUT THE BLACK CAP ON HIM QUICKLY! HURRY, YOU FOOLS!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT! THEY ELECTROCUTE A CORPSE!



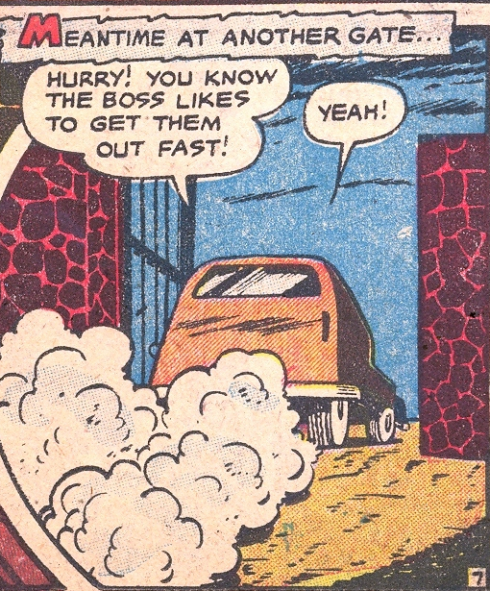
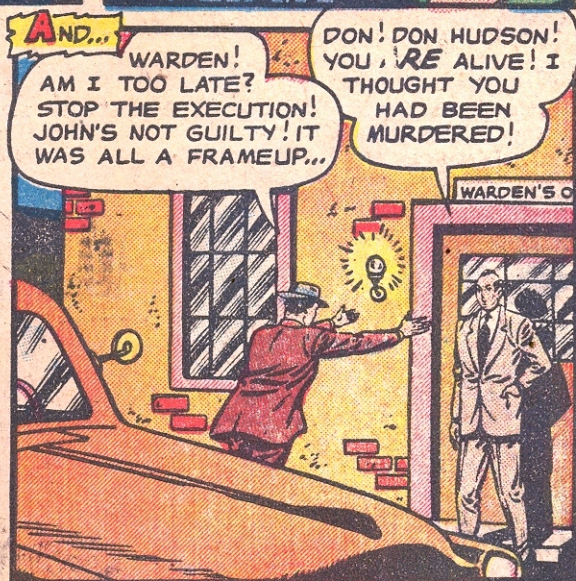
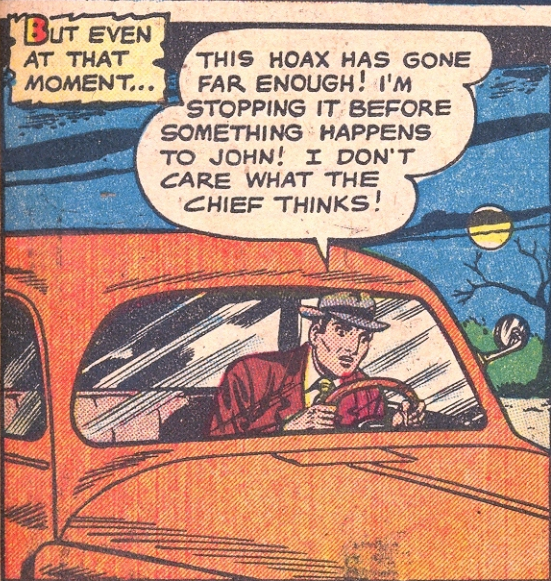
NOW INTO THE COFFIN! HURRY! WE'LL TAKE YOU OUT IN THE HEARSE LATER!

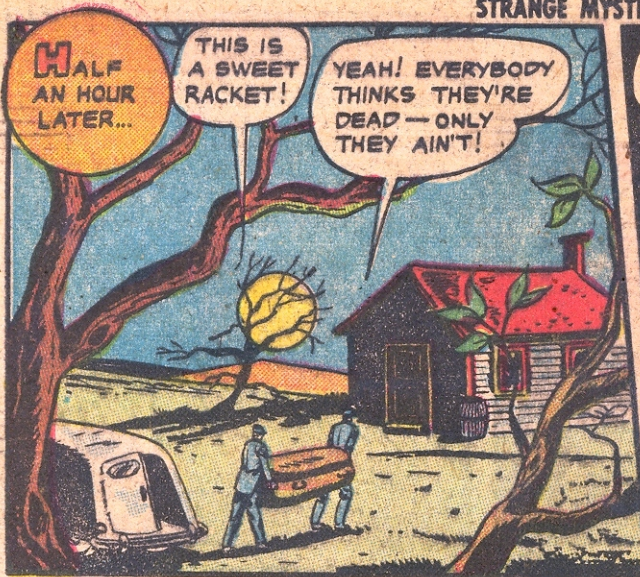
N-NO! NOT IN THE COFFIN! I —

YOU FOOL! GET IN THERE! I'M SAVING YOUR LIFE!

DON'T SHOVE—I'LL COOPERATE!







HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THIS IS A SWEET RACKET!

YEAH! EVERYBODY THINKS THEY'RE DEAD — ONLY THEY AIN'T!

BETTER HURRY! MAYBE HE AIN'T BREATHING SO GOOD!

AH, THERE'S PLENTY OF AIR HOLES IN THIS THING! I'LL HAVE IT OPEN IN A MINUTE!



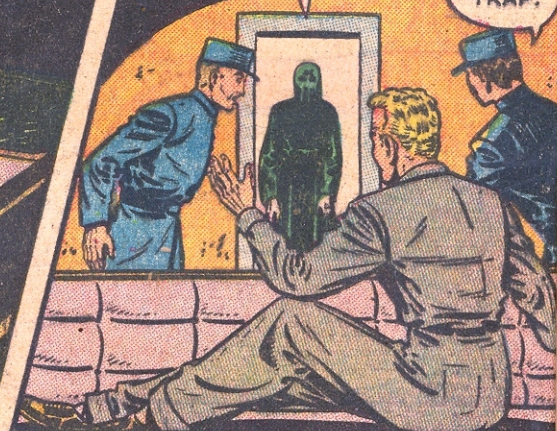
THERE YA ARE, PAL! ALL OKAY! BETTER THAN BEING DEAD, HUH?

W—WHERE AM I?

SUDDENLY...

THIS IS WHERE ALL POLICE SPIES DIE! WHERE YOU DIE! I KNOW ABOUT YOUR LITTLE GAME WITH THE POLICE! AND DON HUDSON WAS **NOT** MURDERED!

HUH! IT WAS A TRAP.



GRAB HIM! HE TRICKED US! IT WAS ALL A GAME, BUT WE'LL FIX HIM!

NO — LET ME GO!

I GOT HIM!

THORNE IS TAKEN TO ANOTHER ROOM.

YOU SEE? ANOTHER ELECTRIC CHAIR! I KEEP IT FOR THOSE WHO WON'T PAY!

BETTER HURRY!





THE GHOST CAME BACK

By MICHAEL ARTHUR

HE WAS not sure just how he had come to the city. He only knew that he had been walking for a long time, that his brain felt squeezed dry, and that his clothes were dirty, torn and ragged. People on the street stopped to stare at him, but he went plunging on heedlessly. He had to get home to Velma, his wife. She would be worried. By now she must have called the police, he reasoned. By the way he felt, and the state of his clothes, he might have been gone for days. Even weeks.

He reached the little park near his home and sat for a moment on a bench, resting, feeling the strange weariness in his bones again. A little girl came skipping past, looked at him, and ran away. I must look horrible, he thought grimly, if even children are afraid of me. He took out his wallet and looked into it again, fingering the cards he always carried.

The insurance identification card said: Martin Drakeson — 304 Deer Creek Lane. Yes, that was right. He was Martin Drakeson. He knew that now, after a long period of mental darkness, of living in a fog, always wondering. Not that he could remember where he had been. But there had been some kind of accident, he was sure of that, and he had been injured. Probably he had developed amnesia. It happened all the time. But he was all right now. And close to home at last. Better be getting on, so he could surprise Velma. He hoped she hadn't worried too much, because he loved Velma. Their marriage had always been a good one.

He approached his house, a neat brick bungalow on a street of neat brick bungalows. He fumbled in the pockets of his torn and dirty trousers, found his keys, and entered. The house brooded quietly. It was neat and clean, with an odor of furniture polish pervading it. Velma was a fine housekeeper.

Martin Drakeson looked around him for a moment before he called out, "Velma? Where are you?"

There was no answer. He went upstairs, into the bedroom, thinking to change his ragged clothes. Velma was out, of course. She could not have known he was coming. At that very moment, probably, she was at police headquarters, or the Bureau of Missing Persons, trying to find out what had happened to him. The man smiled quietly. She would be pleasantly surprised, all right.

The strange tiredness crept over him

again. He sank into a chair in the corner of the bedroom, thinking that he must rest a minute before he cleaned up. And he would have to see a doctor soon. His amnesia was gone, but still he did not feel well. Not sick, exactly, but a little light and fuzzy. Sometimes it were almost as though his body lacked substance, as though a strong wind could blow him away. So odd! He must remember to tell the doctor about his symptoms.

He noticed the odor then for the first time. A sickly sweet odor. It was filling the room. The man sniffed and looked around. What was it? Then, suddenly, he knew. He had been in France during the last war, and that smell was not something that you could ever forget. Something dead!

MY NERVES, he thought! This is our bedroom. Velma's and mine. How can that smell be here? I'm imagining it. I must be! Still he dragged himself wearily from the chair and went around the room, searching and sniffing. He found nothing, but the smell was still there. He went back to the chair once more, feeling desperately tired again. But just as he was about to close his eyes he saw the picture on the wall. The large, blown-up photograph of a man.

To his certain knowledge he had never seen the picture before. What was it doing in their bedroom? The picture of a handsome, smiling man of about forty. Across the bottom of the picture were scrawled the words: *To Velma with all my love, Chris...*

Before his tired brain could figure it out he heard the door open downstairs. That would be Velma! Martin Drakeson turned, waiting expectantly as she climbed the stairs. Her step was the same, light and quick. His heart beat faster and he found himself trembling slightly. Darling Velma, after so long. In a moment she would be in his arms, and all the long blackness, the void from which he had come, would be forgotten. Hurry, Velma. Hurry!

Velma opened the door and saw him. The man smiled. "Hello, darling! I've come b . . ."

Her scream had a terrible animal agony in it. She shrank back, away from him, clawing at the wall behind her for support. Her blue eyes, always so calm and quiet, were now wide in horror. Her red mouth opened, her throat muscles working as she tried to scream again.

Martin Drakeson took a step toward his wife. He did not understand. He said: "Velma! Don't — I didn't mean to startle you, darling. I wanted to surprise you. I — I've been sick. I had some sort of an accident, I don't know just what. I've had amnesia, too, but I'm all right now. I'm home, darling. Home!"

She took a step away from him, thrusting at him with her hands as though to hold him off. "N-no," she panted. "Stay away. Don't come near. Don't touch me!"

The great weakness came over the man again. He staggered, fell once more into the chair. His head felt light, as though it were a balloon filled with gas and might float away. He stared across the room at his wife. "Velma! Why are you acting like this? Why do you stare at me so?"

She was still open mouthed, her lips moving as she tried to speak. When her words did come they were like arrows piercing him.

"You—you're dead," she said. "Dead! Why—why did you come back, Martin? Why didn't you stay dead?"

Nothing made sense to him now. His head was swelling, getting bigger and bigger. He only knew that it was Velma who needed the doctor, not himself. What was she saying? That he was dead!

To humor her he said: "How can I be dead, darling? Tell me, please."

For a moment she only stared, the fear still bright in her eyes. Then he saw her nostrils twitch. "Oh, yes," he said. "That smell in here. We must get rid of it. Like something d . . ." He broke off suddenly. He had been going to say "like something dead!" Fear began to crawl in him like a slimy worm. Was he insane? Or was it Velma?

SHE WAS talking again, talking and cringing near the door, her eyes like mad things. "You were killed, Martin! Over a year ago. The plane crashed in a swamp and they never got any of the bodies out. Quicksand or something. Oh, Martin, please go back. Go back to — to where you came from!"

He managed to stand up, swaying. Anger flooded him. "Enough of this nonsense," he shouted. "Maybe I was in a plane crash, but I'm not dead. You see me, don't you! Maybe it was a swamp, but someone got out. I got out! I've been wandering, and I've been sick. I don't remember anything. But I'm not dead. Do you hear me, Velma. *I'm not dead!*" Suddenly he realized that he was screaming at the top of his voice.

She was white and shaking. He knew that in another moment she was going to faint. He lowered his voice, glanced at the

strange photograph on the wall. "Who is that?" he demanded.

Velma's voice was a tortured thing. "That's Chris — my new husband. He—he's out of town now. We were married a month ago. I waited a year for you, Martin."

His laugh was bitter. "A whole year? No wonder you want to think I'm dead, Velma. No wonder you were so shocked to see me. I see it now, all right. You wanted to think I was dead!"

The smell was stronger in the room now. He looked at his wife — she was still his wife, he thought bitterly — and said: "We really must find that, whatever it is. The stink is terrible. How do you stand it, Velma?"

She slid into a limp heap against the wall, unconscious. The man looked at her, feeling strangely unconcerned. A fine homecoming it had turned out to be. New rage boiled in him. Of all the nerve, trying to make him think he was dead. He chuckled dryly. What was he, then? a ghost?

He carried Velma to the bed. Maybe when she woke up she would be more sensible. He felt stronger now, better. He would clean up, change his clothes, and when Velma regained consciousness they would have a long talk. Things would be all right yet.

He went into the bathroom and peered into the mirror. For a long moment he stared at the thing he saw there. Then he became conscious of a harsh sound — his own breathing. He could not tear his eyes away from the mirror, from contemplation of the green horror that looked back at him. His hair was matted with sand and some sort of greenish scum. Scum — or moss! His face, lank and cadaverous, had a greenish tint also. His eyes were only wasted, reddened orbs with sand caked around them. Sand! Frantically he looked down at his clothes, really seeing them for the first time. They were wet, he realized now. And his pockets, his trouser cuffs, were full of sand.

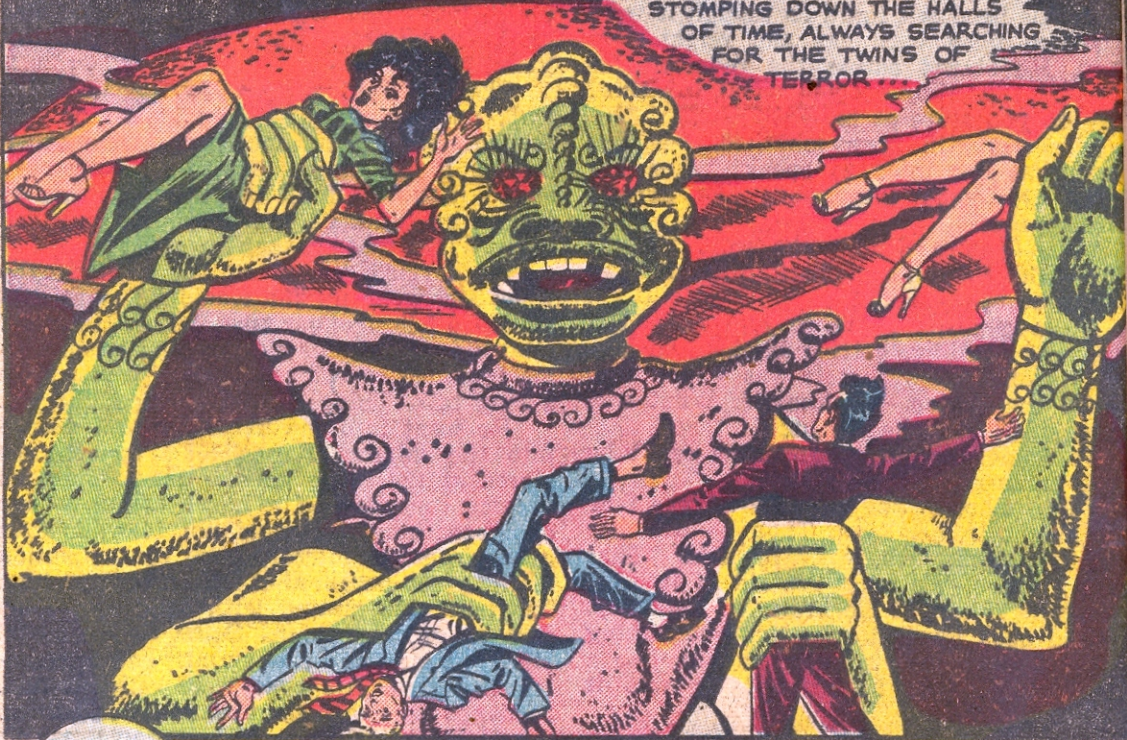
The man screamed and there was no sound. He looked at the mirror, breathed on it, and saw no mist of breath. He pawed at his face and noticed that his hands were like broken claws. Smashed, twisted.

Realization came to Martin Drakeson. He was dead! Then, just as he knew, the weakness came again. A great dark wind was tugging at him, blowing all about him, taking him with it into the void from which he had come. He tried to cling to the sight of his wife, to the room with its familiar furniture, but the black wind was pushing him out and away. And the smell of death was overpowering.

At the last instant he was conscious of a terrible taste in his mouth. The taste of stagnant swamp water . . .

EYES of EVIL

LIKE A SERPENT CREEPING THROUGH THE YEARS WAS THE IDOL! IN THE NIGHT IT CRIED OUT ITS AGONY, SEEKING THAT WHICH HAD BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES! BLIND AND TERRIBLE IT WENT STOMPING DOWN THE HALLS OF TIME, ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR THE TWINS OF TERROR...



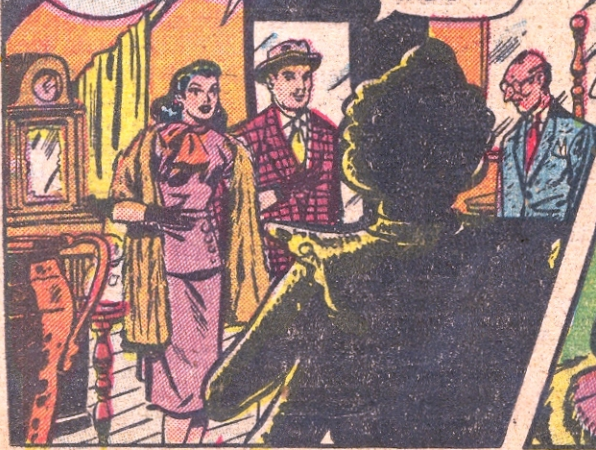
ONE DAY
IN AN
ANTIQUE
STORE...

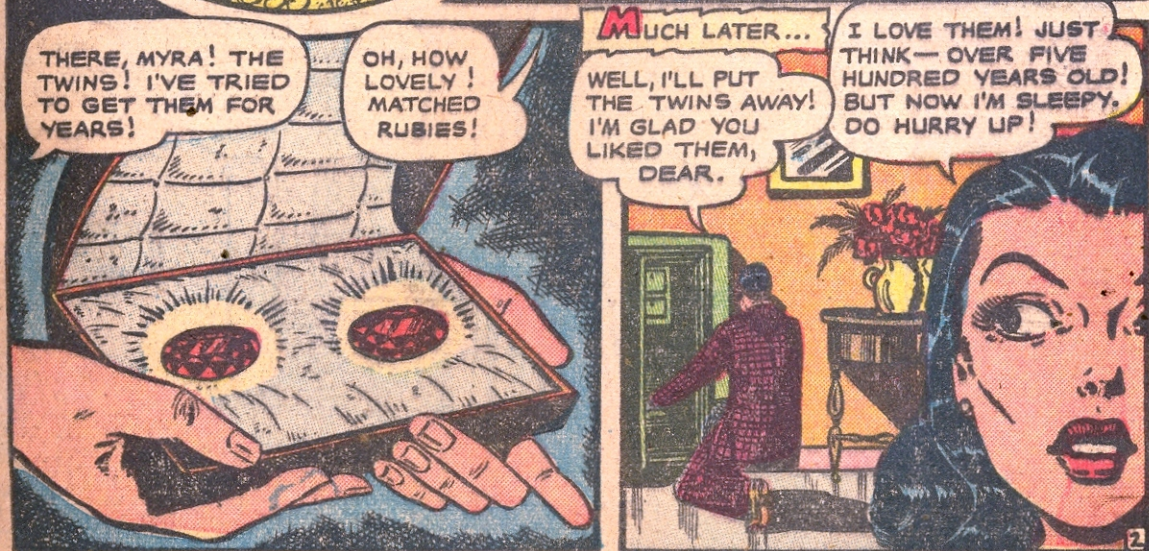
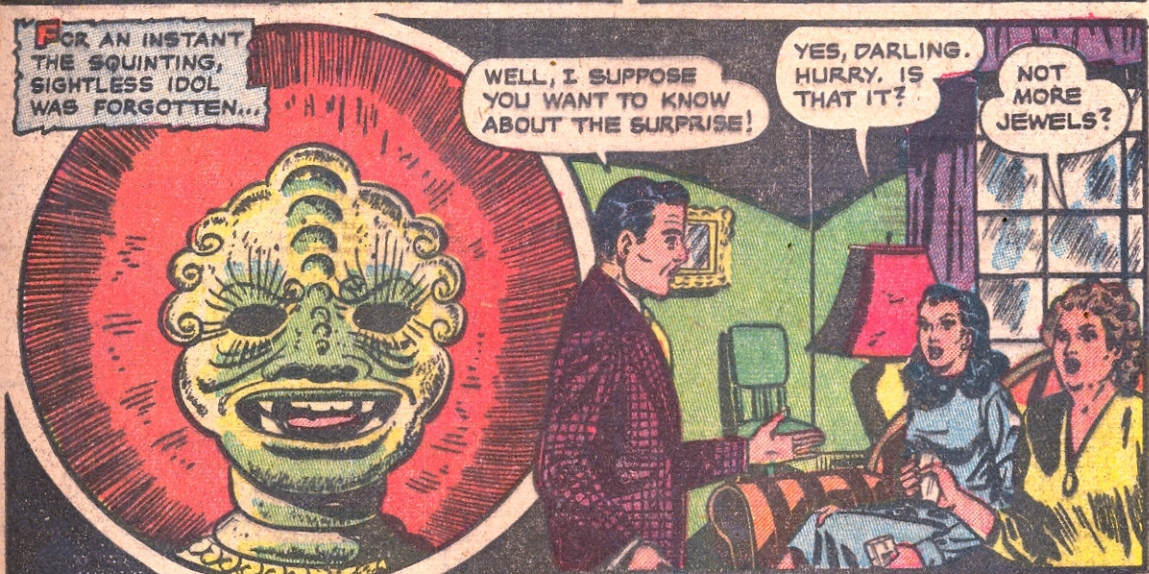
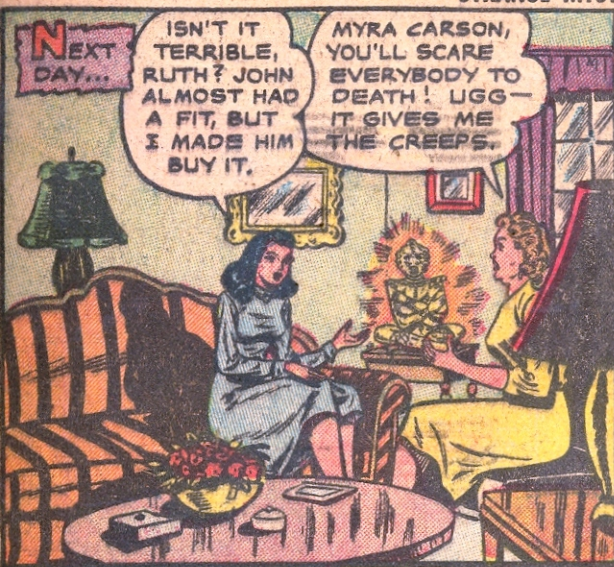
JOHN, BUY
ME THAT
UGLY THING!
I ADORE IT!

REALLY,
MYRA! IT'S
HIDEOUS!
BUT IF YOU
INSIST...

SHALL I
SEND IT, MR.
CARSON?

OH, ISN'T IT A
SHAME ITS EYES
ARE MISSING? BUT
IT'S FASCINATING
ANYWAY!





SOON MYRA CARSON IS AWAKENED BY A STRANGE SOUND...

FUNNY! THAT SOUND CAME FROM DOWNSTAIRS! I'D BETTER WAKE JOHN!

OH, DARN! I CAN NEVER WAKE HIM WHEN HE'S TAKEN SLEEPING PILLS! BUT THERE'S THE NOISE AGAIN!



I—I'M NOT AFRAID! NOT WITH JOHN'S GUN—ANYWAY IT'S PROBABLY ONLY MY IMAGINATION!

JOHN MUST HAVE LEFT THE LIGHT ON! AND THERE'S S—SOMEONE IN THERE!



WHAT MYRA SEES FREEZES HER BLOOD...

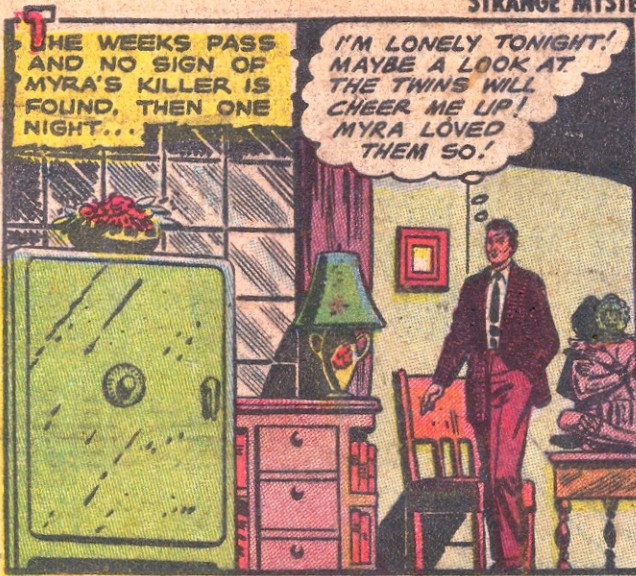
THE IDOL! IT—IT'S ALIVE!

HELP ME! MY EYES ARE IN THIS ROOM! I, KRISHA, KNOW IT! I COMMAND YOU TO FIND THEM!

EYES! THE TWINS!







THE WEEKS PASS AND NO SIGN OF MYRA'S KILLER IS FOUND, THEN ONE NIGHT...

I'M LONELY TONIGHT! MAYBE A LOOK AT THE TWINS WILL CHEER ME UP! MYRA LOVED THEM SO!



I'LL SELL THEM AS SOON AS I CAN. THEY BRING UNPLEASANT MEMORIES BUT FOR TONIGHT, I'LL LOOK AT THEM—AND REMEMBER HER!



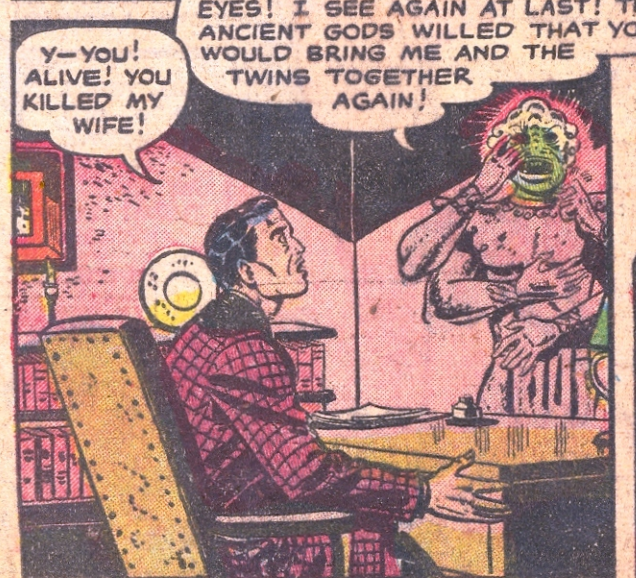
SO BRIGHT! LIKE HER EYES! BUT I—I WONDER. SHE WAS MURDERED THE VERY NIGHT I BROUGHT THEM HOME. I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT...



SUDDENLY...

BUT I, KRISHA, THOUGHT OF IT! GIVE ME MY EYES!

HUH! WHA...



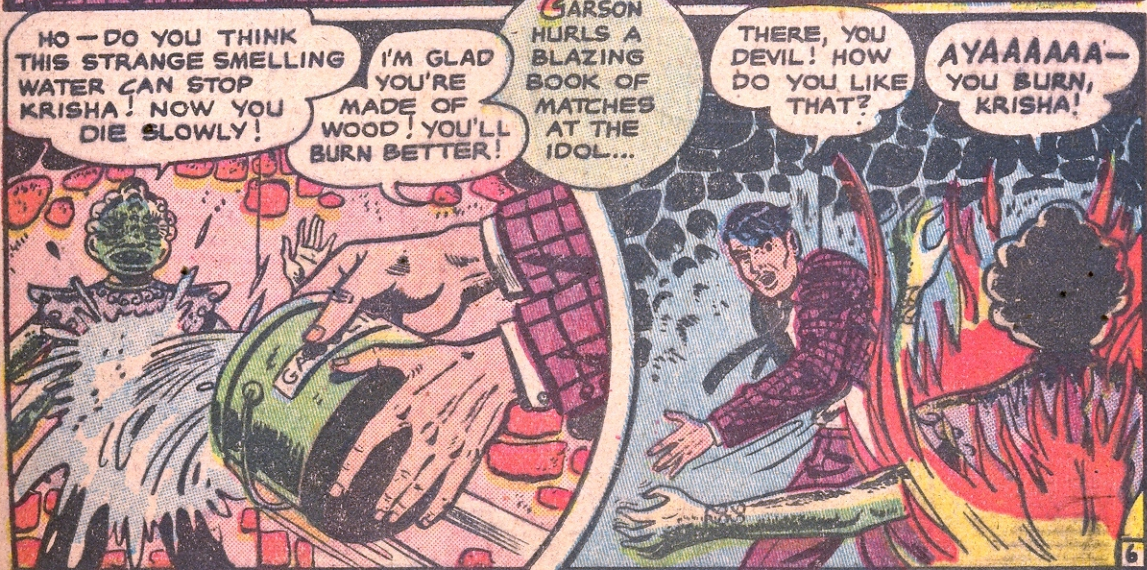
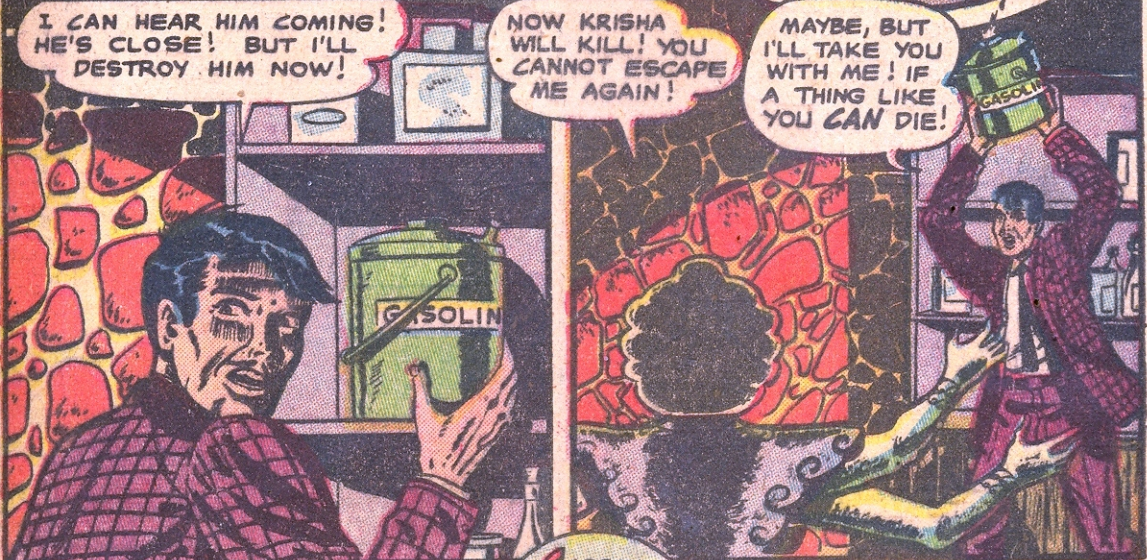
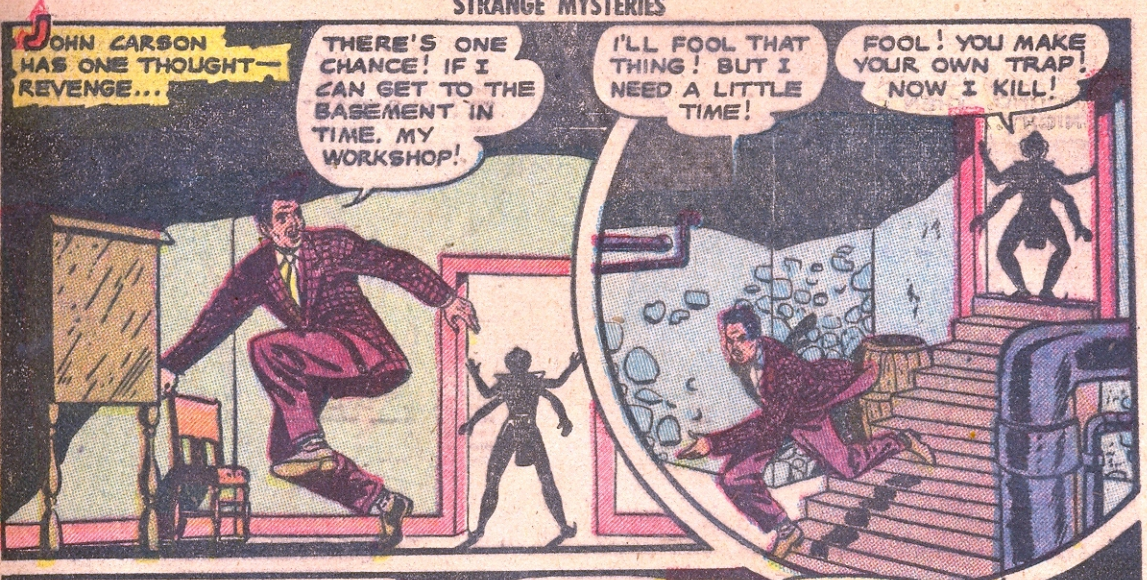
YES! AS I SHALL KILL YOU! AH—MY EYES! I SEE AGAIN AT LAST! THE ANCIENT GODS WILLED THAT YOU WOULD BRING ME AND THE TWINS TOGETHER AGAIN!

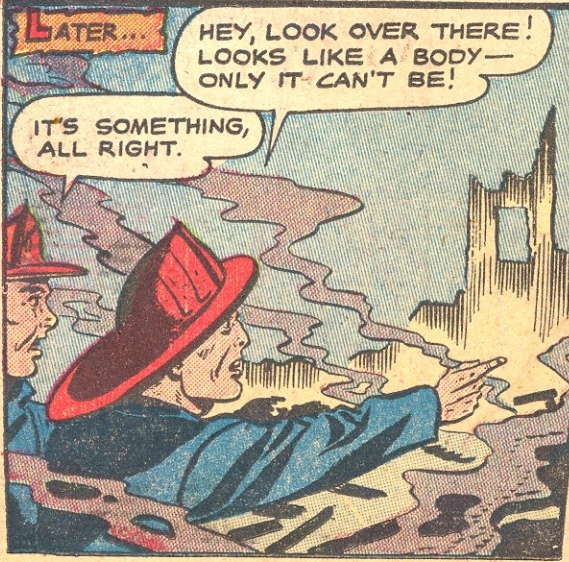
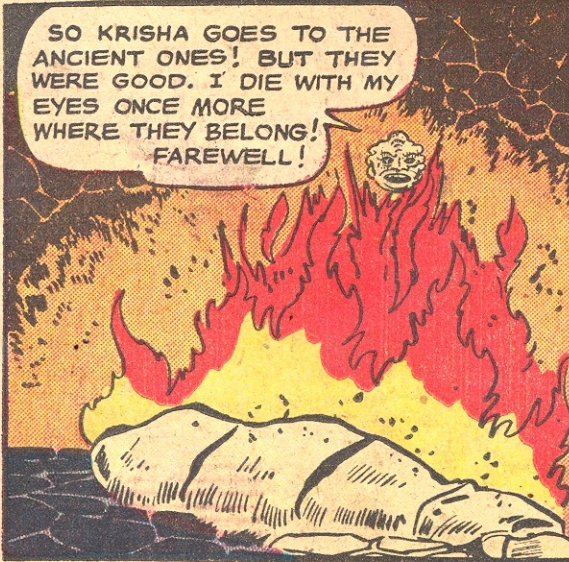
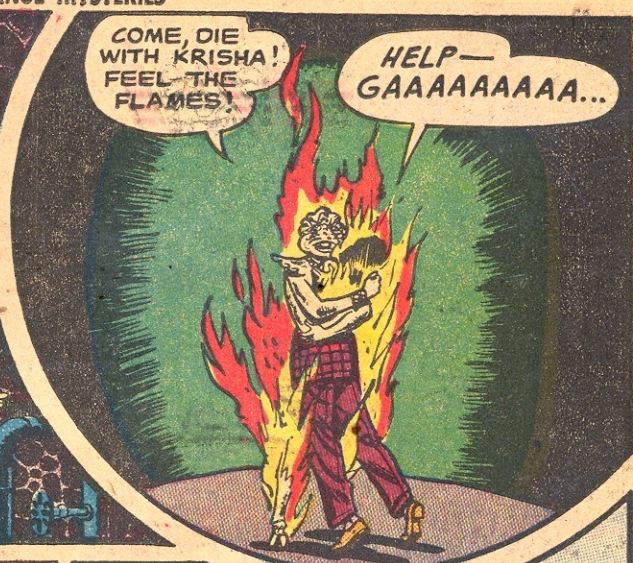
Y—YOU! ALIVE! YOU KILLED MY WIFE!



I'LL FOOL YOU, YOU FIEND! YOU WON'T GET ME!

HAH—HAH— YOU ARE A FOOL! KRISHA CAN SEE NOW! YOU CANNOT HIDE!





The End

BURY US NOT!

T IRED OF LIVING? WEARY OF IT ALL? THEN COME WITH CATHY BROWN AND JOHNNY STOKES TO THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE HOUSE OF DOCTOR MORDYKE, WHERE, EVERY EVENING, SOMEONE MET DEATH BY INVITATION...



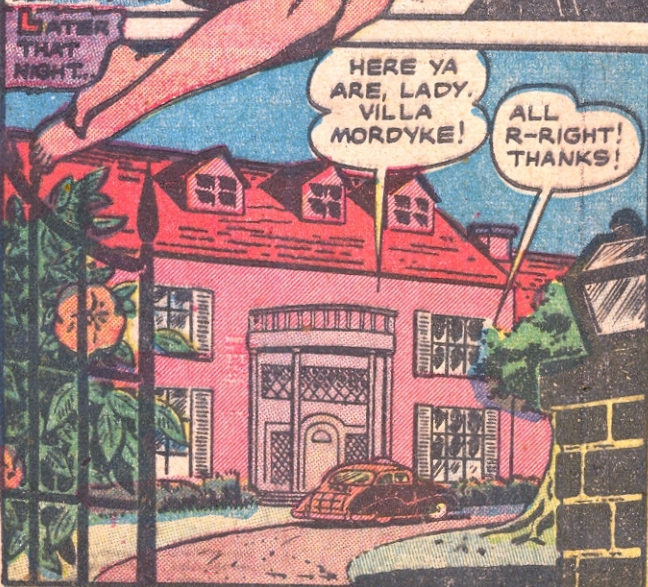
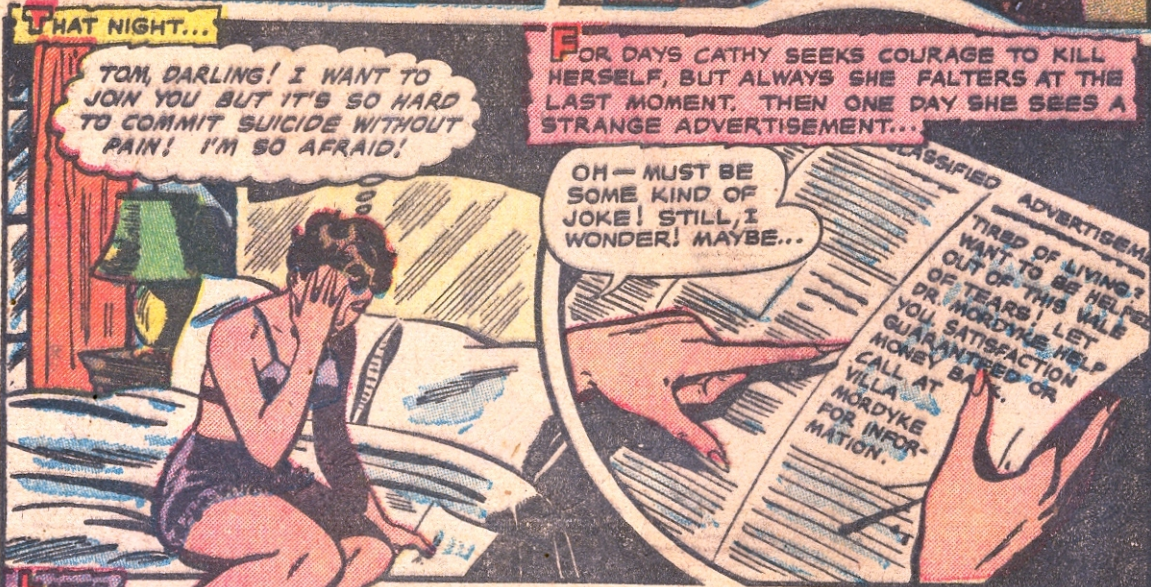
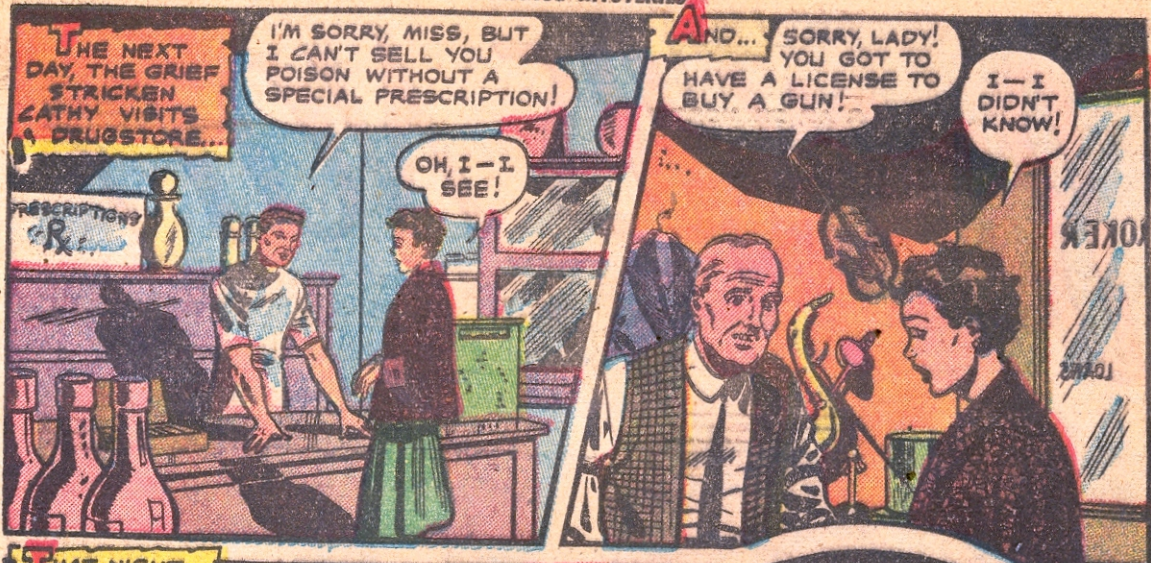
A DISMAL WINTER EVENING AND CATHY BROWN GETS A TERRIBLE SHOCK...

FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT!
MY TOM! D-DEAD IN KOREA!



I WANT TO DIE, TOO! I CAN'T GO ON LIVING WITHOUT TOM! I JUST C-CAN'T







A's
INSIDE...

NOW, MISS BROWN, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM. I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP.

Y—YOUR AD, DR. MORDYKE! YOU S—SAID YOU HELPED PEOPLE DIE. WAS IT A JOKE?



A JOKE? IT MIGHT BE MISS BROWN! IT MIGHT BE A CLEVER ADVERTISING STUNT! AGAIN — IT MIGHT NOT BE!



I HOPED IT WASN'T, DR. MORDYKE! YOU SEE — I REALLY WANT TO DIE! ONLY I HAVEN'T THE COURAGE — ALONE!

I THINK I SEE! YOU HAVE LOST A LOVED ONE, NO DOUBT! THAT IS VERY COMMON!

I THINK YOU MEAN IT, MY DEAR! BUT REMEMBER — THIS IS A MENTAL HOME ALSO! THE POLICE REGARD MY AD AS MERELY CLEVER, IF UNETHICAL! THEY WOULD NOT BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU MIGHT TELL THEM ABOUT ME!



I—I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE POLICE!



GOOD! SIGN THIS CONTRACT, THEN! YOU WILL DIE PAINLESSLY — AND SUDDENLY! YOU WILL NEVER KNOW!

I—I'LL SIGN IT!



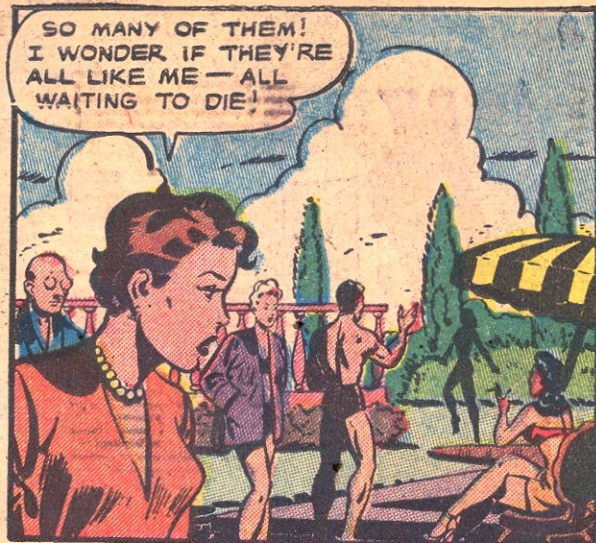
YOU SEE—IT IS VERY EXPENSIVE! YOU HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY?

YES, MY HUSBAND'S INSURANCE! TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU CAN HAVE ALL OF IT!

SO
STARTS
A PERIOD
OF WAITING
FOR
CATHY
BROWN...

MY THIRD DAY AT
VILLA MORDYKE! AND
DR. MORDYKE SAID I
COULD MINGLE WITH
THE OTHER GUESTS
TODAY!

SO MANY OF THEM!
I WONDER IF THEY'RE
ALL LIKE ME—ALL
WAITING TO DIE!

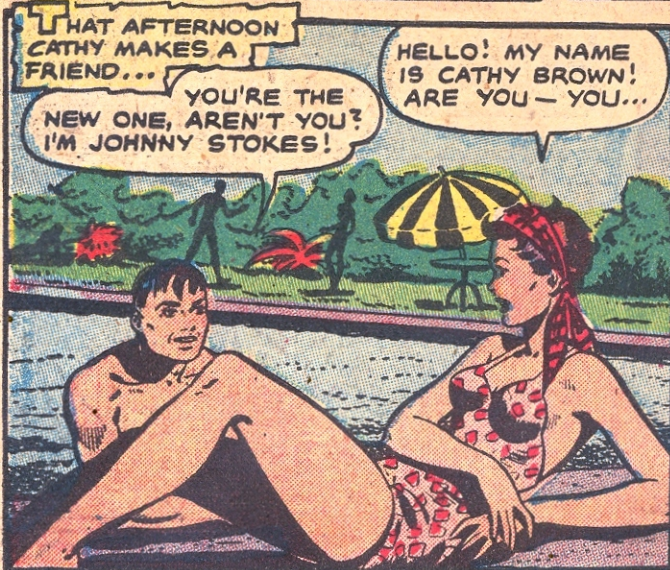


THAT AFTERNOON
CATHY MAKES A
FRIEND...

YOU'RE THE
NEW ONE, AREN'T YOU?
I'M JOHNNY STOKES!

HELLO! MY NAME
IS CATHY BROWN!
ARE YOU—YOU...

YES. I AM! MY GIRL WAS
KILLED IN A CAR CRASH! THIS
LOOKED LIKE AN EASY WAY
OUT. A LITTLE EXPENSIVE,
BUT PAINLESS! BUT WE
DON'T TALK ABOUT IT
HERE!



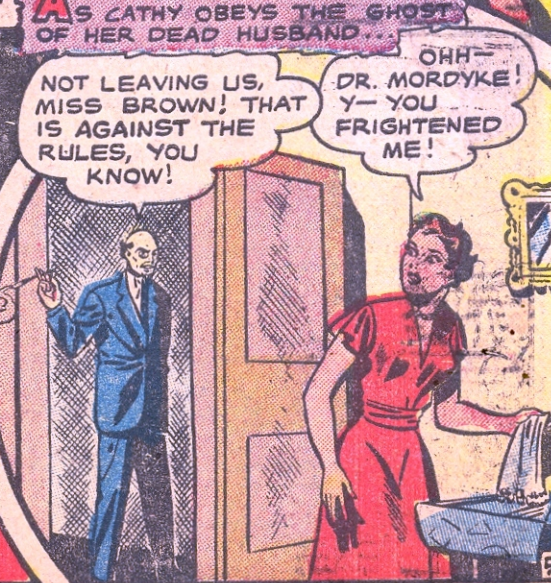
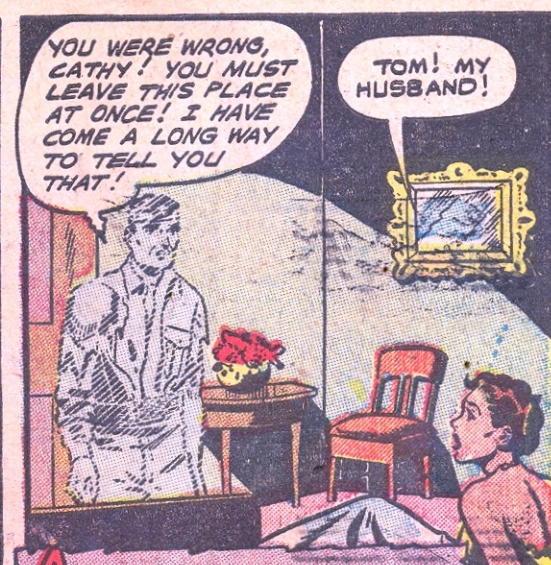
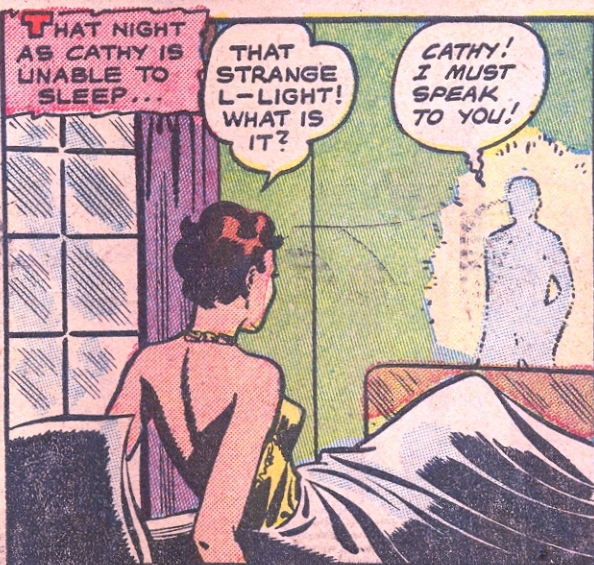
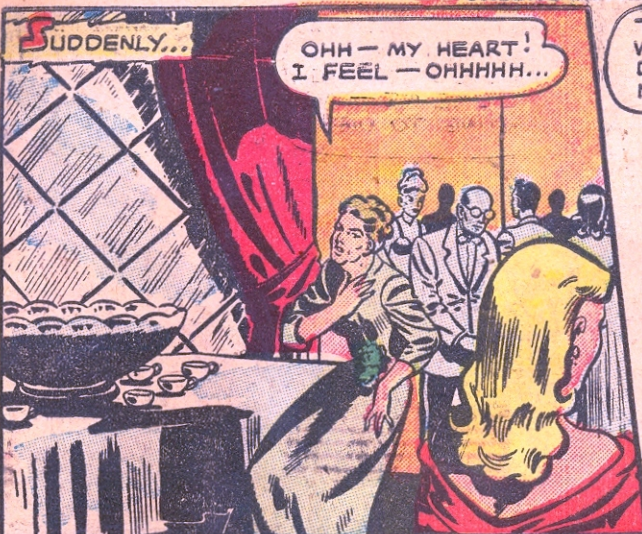
THAT
NIGHT...

HOW STRANGE
IT ALL IS! I'M
ENJOYING ALL THIS,
EVEN THOUGH I'M
HERE TO DIE!

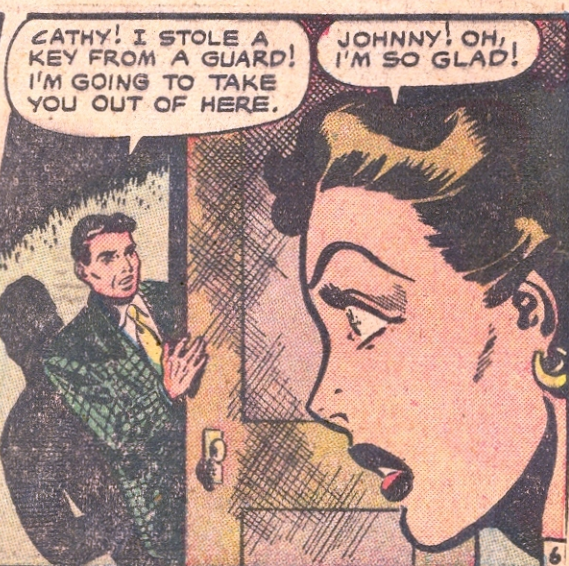
YES, CATHY!
I WONDER—
IF I'D MET YOU
BEFORE! MAYBE
I WOULD HAVE
WANTED TO
LIVE AFTER
ALL!

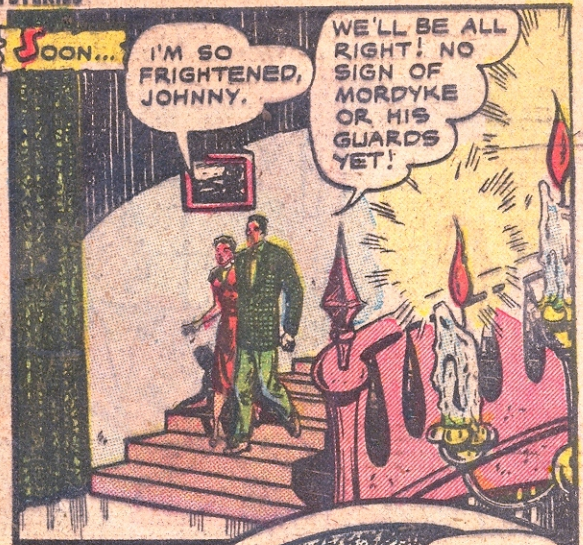
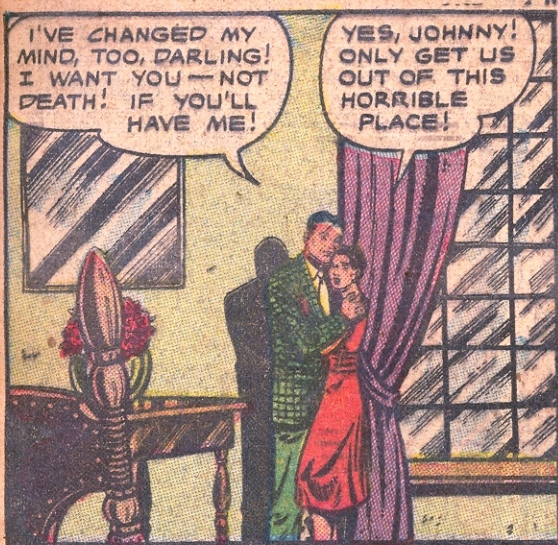
I—I FEEL
THE SAME
WAY! I THINK
I'VE MADE
A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE!





STRANGE MYSTERIES





STRANGE MYSTERIES



RUN, YOU TWO! QUICKLY!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS
HERE!

OH,
TOM!

T—THANKS,
FELLA! NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
OWE MY LIFE
TO A GHOST!

NO HURRY, HE'S
FAINED! BUT
YOU'D BETTER
GO! TAKE GOOD
CARE OF HER,
MISTER, OR I'LL
COME BACK
AGAIN!

Y—YES! I
SURE WILL!

GOODBYE,
TOM!



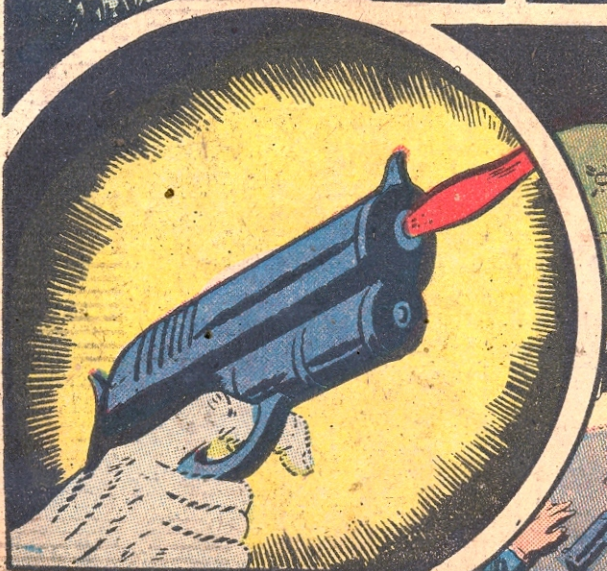
DID WE REALLY
SEE THAT, CATHY?
WAS HE REALLY
THERE?

YES, HE WAS
THERE! HE
LOVED ME
ENOUGH TO
COME BACK!
HURRY,
JOHNNY!

WHILE
BACK IN
THE
HOUSE...

AWAKE, EH?
GOOD! I
NEVER LIKE
TO KILL
UNCONSCIOUS
MEN!

NO—
PLEASE
DON'T!

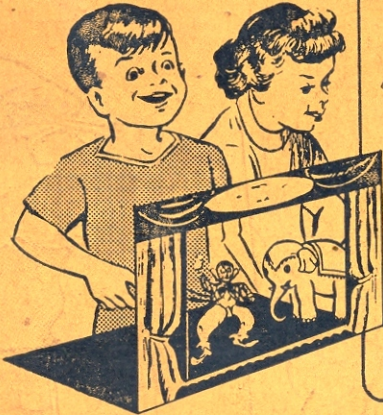


POLICE? I WANT TO
REPORT A SUICIDE! YES, YOU'LL
FIND THE GUN IN HIS HAND! ME?
I'M JUST A TRAVELER FROM A
STRANGE LAND...

The
End

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